

CAMP DIMOND.

MANY PERPLEXITIES OF NEW MEN IN CAMP.

And How They Get Even With Obnoxious Officers—Blanket Tossing—Arrival of the Knights—Banquet and Ball at the Coronado.

CAMP DIMOND, Aug. 11.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Tomorrow the "tin" soldiers who have been tenting at Pacific Beach in San Diego county will return home. They have spent ten days playing soldier, and that a majority of them are satisfied that camp life is not what it is cracked up to be, goes without saying. A number of them have been saving up their money for several months in anticipation of the good time they expected to have, but when they found that their superior officers intended to work them from early morn until late in the evening, their hearts sickened, and a number have expressed a desire to get out of the "army" as soon as possible. There is no doubt but that there would have been complaints, even had everything gone as smoothly as the plot of a modern love story, but when the officers took up their headquarters in a fashionable hotel 12 miles from camp, and spent the greater portion of their time enjoying themselves, the rank and file saw a good chance to get in a big complaint, and they have not lost an opportunity to enter a vigorous protest.

During the encampment the men (with the exception of once or twice, when they wanted to break out of the late night) have paid more attention to duty than one could have expected from a crowd who were never before in camp, and knew but little about the duties of a soldier outside of army drill.

GUED BY THE REGULARS.

A company of regulars and three or four United States Army officers who have been stationed in camp all the time have been of great assistance to the militia. It is true that the West Pointers have "guyed" the amateurs until several of them are on the verge of insanity, but the example has been worth considerable to the boys, and during the next encampment there will be fewer breaks, and the men will not find so much cause for complaint.

The selection of the camp was a mistake. It was too far from the city, and, while trains ran every hour, up to midnight, the men who were off on a few hours' leave found it almost impossible to make connections. If the site was selected with a view to keeping liquor out of camp, it was a failure, for the men managed to get all they wanted, and the officers had it on tap all the time. Coronado Beach would have been a very much better place.

A PERMANENT CAMP.

The camp has been kept in apple-pie order. The company streets, and even the mess tents, could not have been better, which speaks well for the men. During the encampment has been suggested several times that a tract of 160 acres of land along the coast in Southern California be selected and purchased by the State, so that regular encampments can be held every year. The idea is to build permanent frame quarters, so that the State will not have to purchase tents every year.

With such an arrangement the militia could be brought together once a year and kept in camp from 30 to 60 days. Under the present state of affairs the men do not get proper training, as it is impossible for them to do anything in a week or two days. This year some of the northern militia will be in camp but three or four days, which will be of no benefit whatever. The shanty scheme was talked over with Gov. Waterman during his visit, and he looked upon it favorably.

BLANKET TOSSING.

Today will be the last day in camp, and the chances are that the boys will have a very high time, especially this evening. About the only amusement they have had was tossing in blankets whom ever they could catch after night. A squad of from 20 to 100 men would march about the camp streets, looking for some poor innocent, and when they found him he was nabbed, placed in the blanket and tossed high in the air until he cried "enough." The boys have staked out three or four officers who have been troubled with the big head and tonight in the time fixed to toss them. The officers have been warned, and the chances are that there will be trouble, although the officers will get off much easier if they submit quietly, as a petty officer did the other night.

TOOK IT WITH EQUANAMITY.

In this particular case the officer had acted in such a way toward the men that they had gone so far as to get up a petition to Gen. Johnson asking for the removal of the objectionable officer. On the night before it was to be presented some one proposed to "blanket" him. When they reached his tent and ordered him out they expected him to show fight, but he surprised the whole crowd by walking boldly out of his tent, and in a gentle tone of voice he asked if they proposed to "blanket" him. When informed that such was their intention, he quickly removed his coat, jumped into the blanket and told them to proceed with the circus. This won the boys. They gave him but one or two flops, and now he is the most popular officer in camp and can do anything with the men.

THE BANQUET AND BALL.

The arrival of the Knights last Thursday at Coronado was the signal for a general circus all along the line. The Knights and their friends went down to have a good time and they had it. They joined in the procession Saturday and added greatly to the success of the parade, which was by far the finest thing of its kind that has ever taken place in this end of the State. Thousands of people witnessed it from the streets and houses, and all were well pleased.

In the evening a grand banquet and ball was given at the Coronado Hotel by the visiting Knights to the militia and the citizens of San Diego. The banquet was fixed for 7:30, but the hotel people failed to get waiters enough until after 9 o'clock, and about 600 people who were invited to attend the banquet were kept waiting. When they did get in at 9:20 they found a magnificent banquet awaiting them, but they were crowded so at the table that it was impossible for many to eat in any comfort.

ELOQUENCE CHOKED OFF.

The delay in reaching the dining-room proved disastrous to the speakers, for not one of the gentlemen was given a chance to air his eloquence, as the banqueters were anxious to get to the ballroom, and as soon as they had satisfied their appetites, they left the banquet hall, and the poor speakers

had to fold their "neat little talks," and join the crowd.

Dancing was kept up until 1 o'clock a.m., when the last boat left for San Diego. There were fully 2000 people present at the ball, but comparatively few had a chance to dance.

Yesterday morning about half of the Knights returned home, and the others will be back tomorrow. Both encampments have been a success, and the San Diego people are well pleased with the way in which citizens of Los Angeles do things.

INTERESTING TRAMPS.

Mother and Four Sons Walked Up from Los Angeles.

[San Francisco Chronicle, August 7th.]

Mrs. Mary Freeon and her four children of assorted sizes and ages, ranging from 9 to 15 years, called at the City Prison yesterday. They stopped at the big iron gate, behind which Officer Slavin sat with his keys, and after the woman had told a short story the door swung open, and the family were invited to become the guests of the city.

Mrs. Mary Freeon is big, brawny and bronzed, her honest face and rough-and-ready manner betoken executive ability, while a straw hat strapped down over her ears with a big ribbon rose above a dusty, rough and worn costume. Her hair is all buns, rather dirty and roughly dressed. Part of the family carried some bundles, and the smallest Freeon coddled a little dog in his arms.

Mrs. Freeon had plenty of ears to listen to her story. Her husband was Edward Freeon, who, after he had shaved miners, cowboys and wild and woolly Westerners among the Territories and in Mexico for several years, died six years ago, leaving Mrs. Freeon and the babies to struggle on alone, and they were still struggling on.

They had evidently become accustomed to the metaphorical cold of the big world.

"I've had a hard struggle sometimes," observed Mrs. Freeon, "but we always got along somehow. I lived in Mexico for some years, and about a year ago we got stranded in Los Angeles. I worked about that part of the country, doing washing a good deal, cleaning houses and things like that, and a month ago I concluded that I might do better in this city."

Mrs. Freeon and her four rugged little boys had footed it over the hundreds of long, hot, dusty miles between Los Angeles and San José. Sometimes they slept in beds, sometimes in barns, and sometimes by a fire with the star-gemmed sky for a counterpart.

A few dollars were earned, and kind hearts provided the rest that they received. Yesterday they trudged into San José and to the City Hall, where a judge gave them money to carry them to this city, and here they were. The woman's confidence in the morrow seemed like the sparrow's. She was going to work herself, put her two eldest sons to work and send the others to school. She had reached a Canaan, and life was rosy. She only wanted to stay in the prison for a day or two, until she could look around.

Sergt. Cohn quickly hustled about, took a woman out of the best room in the old receiving hospital, obtained some bedding, and told the Freeons that something to eat would be soon.

Mrs. Freeon was grateful, and the kind-hearted Sergeant ordered the cook to get up a hearty dinner he could make without hot coffee.

In a few minutes the eldest boy fidgeted around and then observed: "Mam, I don't like this. I've got four bits; let's go to a hotel." "Well, Johnnie, we won't stay if you don't want to," said the cheerful mother, and then she remarked to the sergeant as they went out: "My boy don't like to stay, and I guess we'll go somewhere else. I'm much obliged to ye."

And the whole family and the hairy little dog trooped out through the iron gate into the streets of the big, strange city. But what mattered it if each had but four friends in the wide world? Bread had never failed them, and their sleep was ever sweet. Adversity had lost all terror for them, and they went forth with the confidence of "rustlers" and with a simple faith that somehow the night would bring food and bed as it ever had, and a nearing of the day when a little home, found by the strong-hearted and faithful mother, would gather them from shop and school to its love and cheer.

SANTA MONICA'S OPINION.

The Status of the Sewer Question in a Few Words. [Santa Monica Outlook.]

It has not been shown that the outfall sewer, as proposed, will not injure Santa Monica.

Nor has it been shown that Ballona is the best route.

Nor that it is a safe thing to trust the present City Council with the disbursement of \$1,280,000.

Nor that the voting of the bonds, as proposed at present, is the quickest way to secure sewerage; for the reason that there will be obstruction (if they are voted) which will cause a greater delay than if voted down, and a new and more acceptable plan at once proposed.

So far as we are able to understand, we do not see how a majority of the voters of Los Angeles can possibly endorse this sewer project.

The leading argument is the urgent necessity of a sewer system. And yet the plan proposed will be attended with a greater delay than any other.

Another long argument is the "bread-and-butter" appeal to the working people. And yet the most tardy method is proposed.

The injustice to Santa Monica appears to cut no figure with the advocates of this project.

Looking at this matter calmly and dispassionately, we do not see how the people of Los Angeles can favor a project that proposes an injustice and an imposition upon themselves as well as upon Santa Monica.

Complaint of Extortion.

Mr. Knappe, a cook at the Anheuser-Busch saloon and restaurant, put in a complaint yesterday that he had hired a hack to drive himself and some friends to the Jefferson-street Park and return for \$3; that the party went down and remained about three and a half hours, and, upon their return, the driver demanded \$10, which was paid, rather than invoke a row. Mr. Knappe thinks he was swindled, and he will look up the city authorities today and try to have the driver brought up with a short turn for charging more than the legal ordinance allows.

It Will Fill a Long-felt Want.

[Life.]

Cusno: I see that Edison has invented a machine by means of which a person's face can be seen miles away.

Mrs. Cusno: O, how nice! You'll get to the theater you can see a man on the street without leaving your seat.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

LOS ANGELES TIMES: MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1889.

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PEERLESS

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\$4.00, \$6.00, \$7.50 and \$8.00 Suits,

For Workingmen and Mechanics.

Made of dependable and stylish material, every seam being sewed with double thread. The buttons are sewed on to stay. We guarantee them to be as good as any suit offered elsewhere at \$3 to \$5 more money.

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Bargains for Big and Little Boys in Our

Boys' Department.

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1021 & 1023 Fourth St., San Diego.

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Rooms 29 and 30, Lanfranco Building, Los Angeles.

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Classified Directory of Established Firms, Corporations, Houses and Persons Doing Business in the City of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles Abstract Company.
LEGAL DEPARTMENT, SARGENT & HARRIS, ATTORNEYS. OFFICE, NO. 11 Temple St., Safe Deposit building.Barber Supplies.
GUST KNECHT, 36½ S. Spring, upstairs. Razors and cutery grinding by steam power.Art and Plate Glass and Mirrors.
LOS ANGELES MANTEL CO., Fort and Second.Bakeries and Restaurants.
VIENNA BAKERY AND LUNCH, 3 N. Spring.Books and Stationery.
LAZARUS & MELSER, 111 N. Spring.Bank and Office Fixtures.
LOS ANGELES MANTEL CO., Fort and Second.Carpet Cleaning.
JOHN BROESE, 405 S. Pearl, telephone 427.China and Crockery.
Z. L. PARMELEE, 108-112 N. Main.City Towel Supply Company.
CLARK & LYtle, 40 San Pedro.Clothing—Retail.
MULLEN, BLUETT & CO., Spring and First.Commissioner of Deeds.
ARIZONA, NEW YORK, G. A. Robinson, 114 S. Fort St., telephone 28.Druggists—Wholesale.
P. W. BRAUN & CO., 287 and 289 N. Main.Gold Separators—Dry Process.
JAMES R. FRE

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The Times

BY THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.
H. G. OTIS,
President and General Manager.
G. C. ALLEN, Vice President and Business Manager.
W. M. SPALDING, Secretary.

No. 70

The Times Outside the City.
Subscribers of THE TIMES who are temporarily absent or expect to leave for the summer, can have the paper forwarded to their address by sending notices to the counting-room, corner First and Fort streets. In Santa Monica, Long Beach and Pasadena the paper will be delivered at residence, if requested, provided the street and number are given.

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To Advertisers.
The Times counting-room is open daily until 10 o'clock p.m.

EITHER there is more immorality than usual in Los Angeles just now, or it is coming to the surface more freely.

THE INVESTMENT of American capital in Honduras is liberally encouraged by the Government by grants of mineral land and exemption from import and export duties.

LARGE numbers of workingmen are being registered, to vote for the sewer bonds. All citizens who expect to vote at the coming election should see that they are registered.

THE CONVICTION of a bungo man in a Los Angeles court was quite a refreshing incident. The administration of a good healthy sentence will probably render this city an unpopular resort for such thieves.

JUDGE O'MELVENY favored the sewer bonds some time ago. Now, he has made up his mind to vote against them. Here is a splendid chance for the boodle organ to get in a couple of parallel columns on the "double-faced" Judge.

THE REDLANDS CITROGRAPH, referring to the Insane Asylum matter, expresses the hope that the commissioners will not needlessly delay and admits that it looks now as if there was a "job" on hand and that every day's delay only adds to the feeling.

If we want to keep off disease and to attract visitors we must have sewers, and we must have them soon. Therefore vote "no" on the Ballona scheme, for, if that should carry, injunction suits will certainly intervene, and postpone all work on a sewer system for a couple of years.

In showing that the present City Council is not to be trusted with the expenditure of a very large sum of money for an extravagant scheme, we have not found it necessary to go into personalities. We have simply judged the Council by its acts—acts which are patent to all.

RUSSELL HARRISON appears to have had a grand time in England, being treated like the crown prince of a reigning house. He has lunch with the Prince of Wales and slept at Windsor. It is to be hoped that all these attentions will not turn the young man's American head.

The cash fund in the city treasury is exhausted, and those having demands are paid in warrants, which the banks discount for ten per cent. This is good for the banks, but not for the public. If the Council had complied with the law, and with Mayor Hazard's request, the city would have taken in enough money from interest to pay warrants for some time to come.

The Fakir of the Trombone has the audacity to use offensive language in writing about THE TIMES in connection with the sewer question. If the Principal Robber of the Trombone, who uses this language, had a dollar for every time he has been called a thief, a liar and a scoundrel, and the charge proved, he would have more money than he will ever make out of the Ballona scheme.

THE TIMES published yesterday the last of the series of letters from Central America. These letters have been interesting, and, we believe, have been appreciated by our readers. Central America is a region that is wonderfully prolific in subjects for the archaeologist and students of history, as well as for the naturalist and botanist. We hope soon to see a thorough exploration of the country made by a well-organized expedition, backed by ample capital.

SOME RESOLUTIONS FAIRLY INTERPRETED.

Much parade is being made in a dubious and doubtful quarter over certain resolutions on the sewer question adopted by various political and commercial bodies. The resolutions are all susceptible of a fair and reasonable interpretation, showing their true meaning, which is sought to be misrepresented in the interest of the impracticable and extravagant Ballona scheme. We print below these various resolutions, with an interpretation in each case which we submit as fair and reasonable, and as justified by the language of the text:

THE DEMOCRATIC CITY CONVENTION.

Resolved, that this is a favorable time for the city to build an outfall sewer to the sea, of sufficient capacity for a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants, and that we believe the people of this city are now prepared to endorse any honest and practical plan for the completion of this important improvement. We pledge our candidates to move upon this work at once.—Democratic City Convention, 14th February, 1889.

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loaded bags, after a hard day's work," to profound sleep in the most bracing of air; of days of balmy, hazy, golden beauty, such as even Southern California cannot excel, followed by others of drizzling, demoralizing Scotch mist, which wets nobody but an Englishman, and him it wets to the skin; of downright wet days, when newspapers—whose date on any other occasion would consign them with a malediction to the waste paper basket—are welcome; the minute examination of the stuffed birds and wild cats in the gunroom and the "busking" of fish-hooks help to pass away time till heaven bends down to earth again. All this, and much more, go to make up the "shooting season."

Away up the different straths and glenes, and on various hillocks, where the "boxes" and "lodges" are either cozily nestled or perched eagle eyrie fashion, preparations will have been going on with tireless activity for weeks past. Everything precious and delicious has been disinterred from covers and cases. A small army of servants has been brought on the ground by express, for it must be owned that the modern Englishman, even when he sets out to amuse himself, needs more waiting upon than the mind of the most bluffed American bondholder has ever soared (or sank) to. At the "Gardens"—usually some half-mile distant from the house itself—a good deal of anxiety will have been manifested to know whether this French cook will require the mint, anise, cummin and rue the last one demanded, or whether the "artist" of this year will make run upon bay leaves and blanched celery.

The season forms a sort of harvest to the canny native population, who are quite capable of holding their own with the average Chinese in the art of making money spin out. A considerable amount of moral tight-rope dancing will have to be done, however, between a rigid keeping of the Sabbath day, and the extraction of every attainable shilling from the lamentably lax Southerner.

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A RABBIT DRIVE.

ONE OF THE HILARIOUS PLEASURES OF NEW MEXICO.

How the Dusky-hued Pueblos Turned Out and Slaughtered the Tufted Cotton-tail and the Long-eared Jack—A Bit of Character Sketching.

SANTA FE (N. M.), Aug. 3.—[Staff Correspondence of THE TIMES.] The long hot, quiet days at Isleta droned themselves away, but once in a while their monotony was broken all to pieces by a fiesta, a gallo race, or some other celebration peculiar to the pueblo. As we were absorbed in the aborigines, we were always on the alert for shadows of such coming events.

Juana, our agile young water-carrier, is always smiling, but last Saturday morning it struck me that there was extra sparkle in her dark eyes, and an especially sunny glimmer of her white teeth, and I therefore managed to ask her, in my own exotic brand of Spanish, the exciting cause thereof. Instantly the smile broadened into a jolly laugh of satisfaction as she informed me that on Sunday, there was to be a big rabbit-drive over on the mesa, and that it would be a great day for all the men. The women, of course, got nothing out of it; that goes without saying—even among the pueblos—but they were glad of the fun for the men's sake, and who knows but that, like their whiter sisters, they were glad of a day in peace without the noise and general confusion that attend a man's idle "day at home."

At sunset we heard the drum banging away, up and down the streets, and later saw the stalwart silhouette of the crier, as he stood on a convenient hillock in the middle of the village, black against the sunset, and announced in tones most musical, most melancholy, the programme for the coming day. Wise in our own conceit, and armed with a painfully acquired fore-knowledge, we had been down to old Bartolo's at noon—Bartolo, the owner of horses—and after a prolonged and high-pitched conversation with his wife, and open-eyed admiration of his lovely daughter, we had bespoken irreclaimably his two broncos for the day, and by 9 in the morning they were biting the flies in the shadow of our long portal. Rough of hide, with staring ribs and tails heavy with burrs, they were surely not clever, but they were good, and it takes no poet to assure me which is the better virtue in a horse. We had already borne testimony to their easy trot, their rushing gallop and their surefootedness on a stony trail.

The sun was high and bright and there wasn't a cloud big enough to make a baby's handkerchief in all the wide blue sky, and by breakfast time the streets were full of hurrying figures in all flashing colors, as here and there, from almost every house, rode off alone, son, father or even grandfather, dressed in his snow-white and most gorgeous robes, the silver on his harness polished up to its intensest degree of shine, and at each saddle bow a murderous club, short and knobbed at its heavier end, usually the only weapon, though sometimes one might see a carefully-kept and highly-prized rifle slung along the horse's side.

The hour of meeting was at high noon, but in that land of eternal leisure nobody minds a wait of three or four hours, and as each putative hero was ready, off he went in a tearing gallop, careering madly off and leaving a cloud of lazy yellow dust behind, only to pull up violently at the place of concord, and sit drowsing there, half asleep, on his horse's neck. The three aliens, a young ranchero, "Lum" and myself, take a light lunch at 10 o'clock, consisting only of a well-flavored and robustly-constructed egg-nog, but in deference to my sex and inexperience of the saddle, I am permitted to tip up a small parcel for future reference, made up of a slab of French chocolate and 14 crackers, which, by the way, when eagerly investigated later, after two hours' hard riding, presented a highly desiccated, but none the less nutritious, appearance.

Soon we are off, and following the route as laid out by the sulky direction of an unwilling stay-at-home, we crawl slowly up the warm side of the long mesa, leaving the deserted village simmering in the heat, its one big windmill—the possessive pride of the clever old priest, Padre Eschaller—breaking in the dry wind, and over all the rest a Sunday silence. Arrived at the top, in single file, not a living thing is visible. Can we have mistaken our road? Well! at any rate, there is time enough in which to find it, and wasn't that a cottontail yonder? The undubitable rage for the chase gleams through the tan on my cavalier's faces, and a second later I am unceremoniously deposited on the ground, three bridle-reins in my hands, and my companions in arms are gone in eager and shameless pursuit of a little rabbit, who, perhaps, had started to a gallant rendezvous with a distant burro. But as neither of my gentlemen got a shot at him, I now forsooth hope that he arrived safely and was properly admired by some plump and soft Dulcinea for the perils he had passed.

"Ere my new occupation of "herding" had grown dull, along came an old Indian comrade driving his pair of lean cows to the green paradise of the Rio Grande meadows; and from him I learned that the "drive" was to be away over on a distant plateau, where there would be a better chance of finding the scarce little victims. At this I recalled my wandering boys, and we all set off on a roaring gallop, skirting the brush, and was captured.

As we rounded its long slope we saw the group of hunters far ahead, like a cloud of gray on the red plain; compact and motionless, and only distinguishable from the landscape by an intangible hint of color, or a glancing ray of light on a bit of silver or shining gun barrel. As we approach, we hear a long resounding shout, and instantly the whole mass breaks up and spreads out with marvelous regularity and in lines as symmetrical as those of a geometric figure. In advance of all are two young boys on foot, their brown skin glowing like dull bronze in the sun, who with the ease born of perfect muscles and long practice keep always ahead, without fatigue or effort.

The plan of a "drive" is as simple as it is efficacious. All the hunters assemble en masse at a given point, and, at a signal from the leaders, start forward in two great diverging lines, meeting again far ahead, inclosing an elliptical area. As each one rides forward, one by one, at exact distances, the horse is reined in and kept quiet, forming one post of the living corral, until the whole area is thus closed, but perfectly fenced in. Within this the game is found, and although these sentries are sometimes as much as 300 feet apart, yet such is their skill in

riding and in throwing those knobbed clubs that it is but seldom the tiny scared rabbit gets beyond them, to the safety of the plain outside.

It required but a moment for us to see that for an onlooker the coin of vantage at the upper end of the long ellipse, and so we hurry our horses into a sharp gallop and reach there with the foremost. So accustomed are our horses to the sport that they know better than we do when and where to stop, and soon we are halted on a bit of rising ground, with the area of the hunt spread out beneath them. Far off in the east are the big blue Manzana Mountains, dotted with purple from the shadows of a few light clouds that have just floated in from the horizon; at their feet the tiny brown pueblo, its queer white pepper-box church towers standing out in a sort of pine insolation; the waters of the Rio Grande drifting sluggish on to the sea, and from them half a hundred muddy little *acuas*, watering the precious vine-fruited fruit trees that constitute the wealth of these peaceful farmers; all about for miles, variegated sand and grayish-green sage brush, under whose small patches of scant shadow are hiding our wary game, overhauled by the big sun, blazing steadily down, roasting hot, to be sure, but in this clear, dry air sending out a heat that is invigorating, chasing rheumatism out of old bones and putting life into young blood.

To see and enjoy all this was but the quick, appreciative thrill of a moment, for away off at the lowest end of our corral came the ringing shout of the *principales*, and the lines began to close in, each sentinel guiding his horse inward, step by step, until all are moving upon us in a solid and martial phalanx. The air vibrates with strange cries, intended to wake any lazy or sleeping rabbit into sudden activity and start him into flight for freedom. At the first "surround," as it is called, not a single rabbit, cotton-tail or jack is unearthed, for here the brush is scanty; but at the second trial we reach higher bushes, and come to more uneven ground, and sure now of game, both horse and rider grow eager, while the one or two trained and trusty old dogs that have been allowed to come, can hardly keep in line from sheer impatience. Slowly the long row of horsemen closes in and the big green circle grows smaller and smaller; as yet nothing moving rewards our eager eyes, but when we are so close together as to recognize each other, all at once, here, there and everywhere starts to life a streak of gray with a dash of white tail or two long moving ears. Instantly that well-ordered circle becomes one big whirl of plunging horses, excited riders, wild-eyed dogs, scared rabbits and flying clubs. But when the snarl untangles itself again, everybody is happy, and nobody is hurt, not even the rabbit, for in all probability his tiny life goes out without pain, long before his little body hangs limply at his captor's saddle-bow.

I for one, and the only one, am privately delighted, however, when, as occasionally happens, a rabbit gets clear away and is gone, not so much running as covering impossible spaces with those wonderful impetuous leaps that take him beyond pursuit in a twinkling. So the hunt goes on, every surrounding taking us further from food. A wagon with water and food which started at daylight will meet the party at 4 o'clock for they will not dream of jumping till sunset. But I, realizing that I have been several amateur hours in the saddle, am ready to turn home, and jog along with the most accommodating gait that I can discover in the repertoire of my bronco.

Long after, a hot dinner and some cold cream have restored me to my own likeness and a placid temper. I see the hunters coming in a bunch over the hill, under the last light of the dying day, and as they, still unfatigued, tear up the street, past our absurd comfort, they call out a courteous "Buenos noches," and I see as usual that big brown Pablo, with his cameo-like face, and my favorite Diigo with the eternal melancholy on his black brows, have the lion's share, fairly won, too, assure yourself, for honesty among each other is the first of Pueblo virtues.

As it grows dark, I go in to my book well pleased with my first rabbit-drive, and no less so that I know by instinct, that pretty Lolita and sweet little dark Reyes will, at this very moment, be thanking with soft downcast eyes somebody for a little dead rabbit, which thus truly "becomes his life by leaving it." DOROTHÉA LUMMIS.

The Will of the Lord in Regard to Sister Mary Turner.

The Rev. H. M. Eaton, writing to the Machias (Me.) Republican, relates an incident that occurred in the early days of Maine Methodism, which illustrates how easy it is for a man to imagine that his own inclination is a manifestation of the divine will. In the days of which Mr. Eaton writes it was the custom for young ministers to consult their presiding elders before taking a wife. Once during a camp-meeting in Eastern Maine a young minister approached the presiding elder and said he wished to be married. "Whom do you propose to marry?" asked the elder. "Well," said the young man, "the Lord has made known to me very clearly that I should marry Sister Mary Turner." "I know her well," said the elder. "She is a fine girl. I will see you again before the meeting closes." During the week four other young ministers consulted the presiding elder on the subject of marriage. Each of them gave the name of the young woman to whom he proposed to offer himself. They had all prayed over the matter a great deal and each was certain that it was God's desire that he should marry the person named. Neither of the five young men knew that any one else had consulted the elder on that subject. On the last day of the camp-meeting, at noon, the elder called the five young ministers to his tent to receive his opinion. He said: "Now, brethren, it may be the will of God for you to marry, but it is not His will that five Methodist ministers should marry that little sister, Mary Turner."

Kindness to Animals in Japan. (Boston Budget.)

The following picture of Japanese life by Prof. Morse shows how pleasant may be the relation between the human and the brute creation: Birds build their nests in the city houses, wild fowl, geese and ducks alight in the public parks, wild deer trot about the street, and he had actually been followed by wild deer in the streets nibbling melon rind out of his hand as tame as calves and lambs on our Michigan farms. A dog goes to sleep in the busiest streets; men turn aside so as not to disturb him. One day a beautiful heron alighted on the limb of a tree and the busy, jostling throng stopped. Every man's hand went into his pocket, just as they would with us, but instead of bringing out a popper-out came pencil and sketch paper.

No Need of Waiting. (Charleston Enterprise.)

A bad boy with a judicious mother seldom has to wait long for something set apart, yet such is their skill in

LAUTERIO.

PARTICULARS OF HIS CAPTURE "IN THE BRUSH."

The San Bernardino Officers Sure of Their Reward Before They Turned Over Their Prisoner—The Defaulter's Story Not Told Yet—Implicated Parties.

Frank Lauterio, the defaulting Deputy Auditor, spent a very quiet day at the jail yesterday. For some reason he has not yet been put in the tanks, but is allowed the freedom of the corridor where he spent the time chatting with such of the prisoners as he knew. Quite a number of people called to see him, but none were admitted, as the Sheriff had given strict orders that he was to communicate with no one but his wife, who was to be allowed to visit her husband.

Mrs. Lauterio called during the afternoon, bringing with her a lot of bedclothing and other articles for Lauterio's use, with which he proceeded to make himself comfortable, and by night he was taking things as easy as circumstances would permit. Lauterio shows the effects of the hard life he has been leading in the canon, and now wears a beard all over his face. His general health, however, is very good, and he looks stronger than before he left.

From the talk among the attachés of the Sheriff's office when Lauterio was brought in Saturday night, it was believed that he had promised to make a full statement to the Sheriff, in which he would tell the whole inside history of the steal, giving the names of the others who were implicated with him, when warrants would be sworn out and the parties would be at once arrested.

This, however, was not done, and on calling at the Sheriff's office several times during the course of the day the reporter found no one in. Last evening when the TIMES called at the jail the Sheriff was told that the Sheriff had not been there during the afternoon, and that so far as known no statement had been made. Later Capt. Thornton, the Under Sheriff was seen, and from him it was learned that Mr. Aguirre had gone down to Redondo Beach and would remain over night. It was also learned that no pictures of Lauterio had been issued when he jumped his bond, as is usual in such cases; in fact, very little information of a definite character could be obtained, as no one seemed to know what steps would be taken.

In regard to the capture of Lauterio, there are some rather peculiar features. When Sheriff Seymour was first seen, in company with his deputy, Mr. Smith of The Needles, who is destined to be interviewed until after the trial, he was seen Sheriff Aguirre merely incidentally remarking that he had found Lauterio in brush in Devil Canyon, a short distance from San Bernardino, and he said that if Mr. Aguirre had treated him right the prisoner would have been in jail some days ago, and that Mr. Aguirre had at one time passed within 200 feet of Lauterio. He did not go into particulars, but later a good deal of information was secured on the subject, Mr. Seymour talking freely to the reporter in the presence of Deputy Brady. It then came out that Mr. Seymour had telephoned Capt. Thornton during the afternoon, asking about the amount of the reward, saying that he had not captured his man but was on a hot trail.

A satisfactory answer was returned, and in less than 30 minutes after it was received, according to Mr. Seymour's statement, his deputy brought Lauterio in.

The manner in which the capture itself was effected, according to Sheriff Seymour, at the last interview, was as follows: He had got the first pointer, he said, from Aguirre, who located Lauterio at White's house, in the canon, and made three visits to that place, in search of him. Aguirre did not at first take him into his confidence, but finally came to him and told him what he had found out, and asked his cooperation. He (Seymour) then told Aguirre to come on home, as he could do better without him. He then sent out his deputy with instructions to stay in the canon until he got his man. This deputy, McIlvaine, was out several days and got very close to Lauterio, who, afterwards found out, had a pair of field glasses, and thus had a big advantage over the deputy. McIlvaine finally came across another deputy of his, who was taking his vacation camping in the canon, and the two then started out together. The country, he said, was very wild, and it was impossible for a man who did not know the lay of the land to do anything. When McIlvaine was reinforced by the other man, Yokum, they again took up the chase, and got so close to the fugitive as to find the place where he slept, which he had left so suddenly that he forgot his glasses, which were captured.

The deputies then found another Mexican who was living in the canon, and told him that if he would pay him \$200, but if he did not they would arrest him for harboring a fugitive from justice. They then covered him with their revolvers, and sent him on up a path, and when he had gone a few hundred yards he gave a peculiar whistle, when Lauterio came out of the brush, and was captured.

The story is a peculiar one, and there are portions of it which are not consistent, but the true inwardness of the whole affair will probably come out when Lauterio concludes to tell his story, if he ever does. The general impression now is that Lauterio fully intended to go to Lower California, and sent his baggage to Ensenada. He was short of money, and went to the canon expecting that the men who were likely to be implicated in the affair would send him money to leave on. For some reason, either because they did not have it, or because they thought that they had got rid of him, as he would not dare return, they failed to come to his assistance. He stood it as long as he could, and was literally starved out. It is believed that he has been in constant communication with friends in this city, and has been kept posted as to what was going on. In fact, there is good grounds for believing that he has got more than one occasion visited the city to see his wife, in which belief some of the attachés of the Sheriff's office concur, and say that it would not surprise them if such was the case. They do not believe he came within a block of the corner of First and Spring streets, as was published in THE TIMES some weeks ago, but say it is not at all improbable that he met his wife at the house of some friend on the outskirts of the town.

The capture of Lauterio was the general topic of discussion on the streets yesterday and last night, and its effect on various parties was freely talked about. The statement that he met his wife at the house of some friend on the outskirts of the town.

SWITZER'S CAMP, ARROYO SECO CANYON. Delightful Mountain Scenery and No Fog. The back leaves Pasadena, R. R. depot on TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS, and WEDNESDAYS and THURSDAYS. At Hollingsworth's Jewelry Store. Testing the eyes and fitting glasses with the best appliances FREE.

BOX 267, PASADENA, CAL.

Bats, Underwear, Etc.

SIEGEL, The Hatter.

Our Broken-line Sale Still Continues

The Biggest and Most Successful Sale in the City.

Many an eye cast carelessly over our attractive bargains in our big show-windows caused the owner thereof to step under our doors and exchange dollars with us for goods that were letting go in this great August Clean-up Sale for half of their worth.

BROKEN LINES IN—
STRAW HATS! SOFT HATS!
STIFF HATS! OTHER HATS!

THIS WEEK

We will offer to the trade 250 dozen Gent's Socks, in assorted colors, no seams, double feet and fast colors, all at 25¢, for merely 50¢.

FLANNEL SHIRTS.

Large Variety of Flannel Shirts at \$1.50 each; regular price, \$3.

See Our Window Display!

SIEGEL, THE HATTER
And Men's Furnisher,
UNDER NADEAU HOTEL.

The Coulter Dry Goods House.

THE COLD WAVE
FROM THE NORTH POLE.

If You Have Waited for an Opportunity to Buy Fans
at Your Own Price, Patronize the

Coulter Dry Goods House

FOR THE WEEK AUGUST 12th TO AUGUST 18th

If you wish a FAN for the opera or ballroom, congratulate yourself on your own good luck for getting it away below its true value. While you may not be able to buy it literally at your own price, our big reductions make it nearly so. Notwithstanding the fact that we have two months of hot weather, we have determined to make

A SPECIAL SALE OF FANS!

IN THE MIDST OF THE SEASON.

This fan sale will no doubt create a big breeze round about our store. However, it is a wise investment to get it away below its true value. As this sale will continue on for one week only we advise you to call as early as possible to the best sections. WE QUOTED A FEW PRICES. PLEASE NOTE PRICES CAREFULLY.

PLAIN BLACK SATIN FANS, at 50¢, \$1.35, \$1.65,

\$2.07, \$2.30 and \$2.55.

WORTH 90¢, \$1.75, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00 and \$4.50.

MOURNING FANS, at 95¢, \$1.35, \$1.45 and \$1.75.

WORTH 90¢, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

BLACK SATIN FANS, Hand Painted, With and Without Feathers, at 60¢, 70¢, \$1. \$1.35, \$1.65, \$1.85, \$2.50, \$2.75.

\$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.65 and \$6.

WORTH 90¢, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$10.

CORONADO NATURAL MINERAL WATER

Used at the hotel, is pure and wholesome and has been the means of curing many visitors who have arrived suffering from kidney trouble. It is a pure mineral water, with no impurities and stands far ahead of any imported or artificial water for the use.

It is an excellent drink, invigorating to the whole body, aromatic and is fast gaining a high reputation as a delightful substitute for drugs.

TALMAGE IN MONTANA.

HE LAUNCHES HIS BOLTS AT WHISKY DRINKING.

A Telling Sermon at Helena, Mont., on "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse"—The Deplorable Tendency of the Times and the Country.

HELENA (Mont.), Aug. 11.—[Special Report for THE TIMES.] The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached here today to a vast congregation. Taking for his text, "Who slew all these?" II Kings x, 10; he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness the Nation's Curse." He said:

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of 70 slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the King comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate, he cries out, with a ringing emphasis, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the dead vast and ruined and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that 50,000 more men are slain, or 50,000 less men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say, that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gates of this Nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation, I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the side-board, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may come to the verity. Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone, but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying: "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink." I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let me alone; but when it starts blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merciful people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very sorry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered; but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go upstairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time, when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the loss of his good name. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men and all the assaults of devils cannot destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for workman? What store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off him. Why? It is whispered all through the community. "He drinks; he drinks." That blasts him. When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood under God by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blashed with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self-respect. Just as soon as he wakes up and finds that he is a captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He can not. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot,

and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who for 15 years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial and very generous and very lovable and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop at any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why?" "I want to." After a while he had delirious tremors; he had it twice, and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until tomorrow night, unless I had all my fingers cut off I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorting about his evil habit said: "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death, but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I have a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against my cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captains of strong drink, only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they kneel in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now, what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored vows and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly with the household. You would not blame them at all, if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell them that they are to be punished in the congregation of whom I must change their course, within ten years they will as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves; and as their souls, lie down in drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As you open the door of your wine closet today, may that decanter flash out upon you "Beware!" and when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top, in white letter, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, today, in the fear of God, and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment, Intemperance, with drunkard's bones, drumming on the head of the wine-cask the Dead March of immortal souls, me thinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service, and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind, the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

A first-class investment. EX-MAYOR WM. H. WORKMAN has removed his office from 235 North Main street to the basement of Bryson-Bonebrake block, corner Spring and Second streets.

Notice of Removal. The Los Angeles Gas Company has removed its office from 235 North Main street to the basement of Bryson-Bonebrake block, corner Spring and Second streets.

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE LOTS FOR SALE ON VIRGINIA AVENUE, BOYLE HEIGHTS. Streets graded, etc. For quick transit, beautiful scenery and perfect climate Boyle Heights has not equal.

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JERSEYS, JERSEYS, JERSEYS. Still they go; yet our line is as complete as ever, as we pay especial attention to Jerseys. As before, our prices are the very lowest, and the newest, our sizes ranging from 32 to 46 waist measure, in all colors and black. Be sure and see our goods before purchasing. At Moogrove's, 21 South Spring street.

DENTISTS. Dr. J. M. White, Dr. L. Townsend, dentist, 41 South Spring street, first building north of Bryson-Bonebrake block, Los Angeles, Cal. Telephone 132.

PRICES ON LUMBER. NEW PIANOS AND ORGANS to rent cheap. Southern California Music Company, 11 N. Spring st.

FIRST-CLASS LUNCH and a good milk

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IS, as its name would indicate, in advance of anything of the kind now made. No chimneys used. No smoke. Gas is made by it of any fuel, coal, coke, wood, oil, kerosene, gasoline and without danger. The gas can be used for FUEL and LIGHT. It is simply perfect and only costs from \$1 to \$1.25 per hour.

The cost of the machines is within the reach of all. They are made in all sizes, and are suitable for the small houses or the largest.

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NEW PIANOS AND ORGANS to rent cheap. Southern California Music Company, 11 N. Spring st.

FANCY ELGIN CREAMERY BUTTER at

H. Jevine's.

ment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal 5 cents, with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but, in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fire will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs, which the young man just now slung on the saw-dusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch-bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! 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PASADENA NEWS.

ANOTHER LARGE EXODUS TO THE SEASHORE.

The Bicyclists Royally Entertained by Mr. Atkins—Prospective Trips—Gleanings Here and There—Local Fountain—Personal Mention.

PASADENA, Aug. 11.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Seventeen wheelmen of this city assembled at the bicycle parlors of A. L. Atkins on East Colorado street last evening, to start on a moonlight ride through the principal streets of the city. Headed by James W. Lancaster and A. L. Atkins, the silent procession wended its way down East Colorado to Fair Oaks, where a turn was made down the avenue. The cyclists continued up Columbia street to Orange Grove avenue, where the first stop was made. After a short rest the delegation again mounted, going up the well-graded thoroughfare of Orange Grove avenue, and thence south on West Colorado to Los Robles. The procession continued north to the residence of Mr. Atkins, on Galena avenue, where the wheels were stacked for an hour. The boys were then ushered into the house to make preparations for the entertainment gotten ready for them by the genial host and hostess. After puffing at fragrant Havana for a half hour or so all repaired to the banquet hall, where refreshments were in waiting. Mirth, laughter and a social good time followed. The assemblage then resolved itself into a business meeting to talk over the contemplated trip next month to San Diego. Eight of the number present agreed to stand the trip if their courage and muscle held out until the starting time. It was agreed that the ride today be to Sierra Madre Villa. The wheelmen are profuse in their praises of the hospitality received last evening and at 10 o'clock mounted their machines on the homeward ride.

LOCAL MENTION.

The Grand Opera-house seems to have closed for the season.

About eight members of the Cycling Club left the city at 10 o'clock this morning for Sierra Madre Villa. The ride was made without incident in little over an hour. Dinner followed at 12:30, the wheelmen reaching home shortly after 3 o'clock this afternoon.

The military company will meet in regular session Monday evening. A full attendance is requested, as matters of importance are likely to come up.

Work on the Cross road, which begins in earnest tomorrow, will give employment to a number of men residing in this city.

William Ormiston, formerly a student at Columbia College, has gone to ranching a little beyond the eastern limits of the city, where he has purchased eight acres of good soil.

Everything is quiet in police circles and has been for a week.

PERSONAL.

Charles Grimes spent the day at Redondo.

Gibson Perman leaves tomorrow for a week's stay at Catalina.

A. L. Manahan is acting as a substitute letter carrier.

W. B. Van Kirk and wife left this morning for San Pedro to attend the G.A.R. encampment.

Constable Butterworth has gone to Santa Monica.

Harold Poore has accepted a position as solicitor on the Miner and Artisan.

H. B. Sherman and W. U. Masters returned this morning from Coronado Beach.

Theodore Coleman and son spent the day at Redondo Beach.

Will Storrs left this morning for Calico on business.

R. S. Johnson went over last evening for a vacation on Catalina Island.

C. C. Brown and D. S. Bassett went down to visit their families at Santa Monica this morning.

Miss Lillian Thomas and Miss Helen Nelson are spending the day at the seashore.

SANTA MONICA.

Yesterday's Doings Down by the Sea—The Arcadia Ball.

SANTA MONICA, Aug. 11.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.]

Although there were not as many people here today as last Sunday, the railroads report that over 3000 tickets for this direction were sold up to 12 o'clock noon. Those who did come had every opportunity to enjoy themselves, for the weather was perfect and the water of such a temperature as to induce even invalids to try the bracing effects of a bath.

Señor Moreno and his troupe contributed to the public features by trapeze and horizontal bar performances on North Beach, and the Santa Monica band made things lively from the stand, in front of the Ellis shades.

Los Angeles was well represented in the throngs, among the many well-known faces being noted those of Gen. Grierson, Lieut. Grilerson, Lieut. T. J. L. Manahan, J. Meredith, Theodore Summerland, Dr. E. C. Manning, R. McNally, L. E. Mosher, L. Jesurun, Hy Dockweiler, A. T. Harvey, J. Miller, W. S. Waters, R. M. Adams, James Sluson, A. Jacoby, J. D. Longstreet, G. F. Strobridge, W. S. Maxwell, E. Maxwell and W. J. Krutz, Jr.

Railroad men were also out in strong force, there being present: R. Hamilton, J. Reeves, C. Seylor and J. Irving of the Southern Pacific; W. R. Wardwell of the Chicago and Alton; J. B. Quigley and T. H. Duzal of the Burlington; Amos Burr of the Vanderbilt lines, and E. E. Hall of the Los Angeles and Pacific.

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OUR NEIGHBORS.

Redondo Notes.

REDONDO BEACH, Aug. 9.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Mr. Harper of Los Angeles and Mr. Carson of the Dominguez Ranch, with several others, were out yachting yesterday.

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Secretary Brewer of the Redondo Beach Company made his employees happy yesterday with his pay-roll. He is the first director to come down on the new narrow-gauge line. Four of the coaches have arrived from St. Louis, and two engines are expected this week. The road will be in operation by the first of May.

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ESTELLA.

Another Week of Bargains

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30 and 32 North Spring street.

The great fire sale which has been going on at the Star Shoe House closed on Saturday evening, but we have a few lots of goods yet remaining on hand, and we wish to close them out. Every pair must be sold, So on.

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Don't Buy Any Lumber.

Until you have had an estimate on your bill from the Schellert-Ganahl Lumber Company First and Alameda streets.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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DR. STEINHARH'S

ESSENCE OF LIFE.

Sold for 30 Years in Europe and the Pacific Coast.

Essence of Life cures permanently the worst cases of nervous disease, physical weakness, exhausted vitality, produced by youthful abuses, excesses and the like. Diseases of mind, however, whether from personal or external causes, are especially susceptible to treatment in mature years, and no matter how inveterate, severely, thoroughly and permanently cured by the essence of Life. Price \$2.50 in liquid or pill form, or five times the quantity \$1.

P. STEINHART,

Former partner in the great specialist firm of Dr. Mintie & Co., San Francisco.

Address Room 2, 115-12 W. First St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Office hours 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and from 6 to 7 p.m. Sundays 10 to 1.

All communications strictly confidential.

Dr. Steinhart's Great Vegetable Kidney and Liver Remedy and Liver Pill will have immediate effect in the cure of all diseases.

Price of Kidney and Liver Remedy \$1.00 per bottle. Liver Pill 50 cents per bottle.

MISS LILLIAN THOMAS and Miss Helen Nelson are spending the day at the seashore.

SANTA MONICA.

Yesterday's Doings Down by the Sea—The Arcadia Ball.

SANTA MONICA, Aug. 11.—[Correspondence of THE TIMES.]

Although there were not as many people here today as last Sunday, the railroads report that over 3000 tickets for this direction were sold up to 12 o'clock noon. Those who did come had every opportunity to enjoy themselves, for the weather was perfect and the water of such a temperature as to induce even invalids to try the bracing effects of a bath.

Señor Moreno and his troupe contributed to the public features by trapeze and horizontal bar performances on North Beach, and the Santa Monica band made things lively from the stand, in front of the Ellis shades.

Los Angeles was well represented in the throngs, among the many well-known faces being noted those of Gen. Grierson, Lieut. Grilerson, Lieut. T. J. L. Manahan, J. Meredith, Theodore Summerland, Dr. E. C. Manning, R. McNally, L. E. Mosher, L. Jesurun, Hy Dockweiler, A. T. Harvey, J. Miller, W. S. Waters, R. M. Adams, James Sluson, A. Jacoby, J. D. Longstreet, G. F. Strobridge, W. S. Maxwell, E. Maxwell and W. J. Krutz, Jr.

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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

There is an undelivered telegram at the Western Union Telegraph office for Miss Louie Wahl.

Frank Burns yesterday stole a pair of unmentionables, worth 50 cents, from W. C. Queen, at the corner of Requena and Main streets, and was locked up on a charge of petty larceny.

Robert Shay got into a row on Main street yesterday morning, and was proceeding to "cuss out" the town when Officer Grubbs took him in on a charge of disturbing the peace. He was locked up.

A Dutch Bible was found on one of the seats in the Sixth-street park yesterday afternoon by Officer Glidden and brought to the police station, where the owner can get the same by calling for it.

A broken grip caused a short suspension of traffic on the cable road last evening about 6 o'clock. The accident occurred at the corner of Spring and First streets, where a large crowd collected in a few minutes. No damage resulted.

John Higgins and F. C. Sinnott were arrested on Aliso street yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock by Officer Johnson for fast driving. They were brought to the station, where they deposited bail for their appearance, and were released.

A man who gave the name of John C. Albe was found acting in a suspicious manner on Los Angeles street, between 3 and 4 o'clock yesterday morning, and as he could give no account of himself he was taken in by Officer Goodman.

J. E. Throop of Vernon, who uses sewage for irrigation, sent to THE TIMES yesterday samples of his products, which are certainly very fine. A stalk of popcorn stands eight feet high, and carries ten ears. Some very fine ears of sweet corn and some fine, large peaches were also sent up.

At a regular meeting of Merrill Lodge, No. 299, I.O.G.T., held on Saturday evening, E. M. Starr, Mrs. M. G. Wright and Miss Jessie Yarnell were elected delegates, and Jessie Yarnell, Miss Kate Yarnell and Julius Lyons as alternates, to the Grand Lodge I.O.G.T., which will convene in Fresno City on the first Tuesday in October.

Yesterday afternoon Thomas Griffin walked into the police station, somewhat under the influence of liquor, and displayed a large roll of greenbacks and a check for \$221. As he was in no condition to take care of himself he was booked for safe keeping and locked up until he got sober, when his money was returned to him and he was released. Griffin had \$105 in bills, and some silver, besides his check.

A free fight occurred yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock among a lot of Mexicans in the rear of No. 115 Sepulveda street. The police station was telephoned, but before the officer could get to the place everything had quieted down. One of the men engaged in the fight said that he had been enticed into the house, the inmates intending to rob him, but when they found he had no money they had assaulted him. He said that he would swear out a warrant today.

Work on the new Catholic Orphan Asylum, on Boyle avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, Boyle Heights, will be commenced this morning. Ex-Councilman A. McNally has been awarded the contract for the brickwork, stonework and grading, amounting to \$70,000, and on Saturday afternoon the final papers were drawn up and signed. The total cost of the building, including grounds, will be close to \$150,000. Mr. McNally says that he intends to push the work as rapidly as possible, and will do everything in his power to have the building completed at the earliest possible day.

PERSONAL NEWS.

W. B. King of Julian is sojourning in the city.

J. R. Bernier and family of San Diego are in town.

J. H. Betram of Yuma, Ariz., is visiting in Los Angeles.

C. P. Fraser and wife of Ventura are at the Hollenbeck.

Miss M. Ryan of Santa Ana was at the Hollenbeck yesterday.

H. Pinkerton of Salt Lake City is a guest of the Hollenbeck.

F. A. Conant of Ventura was among the Hollenbeck's guests yesterday.

N. E. Sweetser of Mojave is taking a breath of fresh air in Los Angeles.

Charles F. Lummis of THE TIMES, who was recently prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, is still in New Mexico, and is improving very satisfactorily. He is able to get about without a crutch, and has broken the record in trout fishing. Dr. Lummis, his wife, expects to be in Los Angeles to resume her practice October 1st.

Frank M. Kelsey, of the firm of Bryan & Kelsey, notary public and conveyancer, 17 North Spring street.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT OF

Mozart's Popular Store Recently Moved to 140 South Spring Street. All articles are cut by M. K. Kelsey, and in every case a perfect fit guaranteed. Patterns cut to measure, 25¢. Bassinet cut and fit, and made ready for stitching. We will make sateen suits from your own material, \$2.50 to \$5. Woolen and silk proportionately low. We will furnish all material and make a stylish sateen suit for \$5. See our sailor blouses at 25¢. Sateen wrappers, \$1. Remember our regular prices for undershirts and hoseery are below any "special sale." Mozart's Popular Store, No. 140 South Spring street, between Second and Third streets.

BE NOT DECEIVED! Ladies, if you want the "Centemer" Kid Gloves buy only those branded with the name of P. Centemer & Co. in the left hand glove. If you cannot buy gloves branded in this way from your local merchant, order direct from P. Centemer & Co., 111 Post street, San Francisco, and you will get the genuine. Price lists furnished upon application. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

GO AND SEE the elegant lots which ex-Mayor Workman is offering for sale at greatly reduced prices in his beautiful park on Boyle avenue. T. E. Rowan, agent, 114 North Spring street.

BOLYEA HEIGHTS has a beautiful water supply, a magnificent climate, and offers such inducements to the business men of the city by way of quick transit they cannot overlook.

TREATING AND FILLING the teeth a specialty by Dr. C. H. Parker, 20% S. Spring street.

Disappointed.

Any who were disappointed in securing some of our great bargains on Saturday, on account of the great rush, can call today, and we will guarantee that they will secure some of the greatest bargains in shoes ever heard of.

Star Shoe House, 30 and 32 North Spring street.

Consult Mrs. Dr. Minnie Wells. Uterine and rectal diseases treated with skill and success. Call me now. Prompt relief from first treatment. Children solicited. 400 Fort street, corner Fifth. Will practice at second cottage north of bathhouse, Santa Monica. Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Bargains. Look out for bargains at the Star Shoe House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 30 and 32 North Spring street.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A REMARKABLE EXPOSE.

The people of the Pacific Coast are interested in pure goods. They appreciate as well as any people on earth honorable dealing. When the manufacturer of an article which is to go into the stomach as food comes up before them in the newspapers, with advertisements of his wares, they demand that he shall be both truthful and honest in his representations. It goes without saying that the manufacturer who will willingly or fraudulently misrepresent as to endorsements which he may have received can lay no claim to the patronage of the people whom he has thus sought to deceive. "False in one, false in all," is the watchword in such a case. It may be a matter of interest to the housekeepers of the Pacific Coast to know that Price Baking Powder Co. have published, in their various advertisements throughout the country, statements representing that the National Board of Health, at Washington, had endorsed that brand of Baking Powder.

In order that the public may fully understand the extent and character of these misrepresentations; in order that they may understand to what depth a manufacturer can descend for the purpose of seeking favor or patronage at the hands of the public and prejudicing the public against other well-established brands, the following extract is given from a letter recently addressed to the Royal Baking Powder Company, of New York, by the Secretary of National Board of Health, which will serve to make plain the deception and speaks for itself:

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH,

Washington, D. C., April 25, 1889.

"I have read the papers with astonishment at the unbound assurance displayed by the Price Baking Powder Co., in attempting to use the National Board of Health for the purpose of giving credit to Dr. Price's cream baking powder. I am unwilling that this Board should be used for the purpose of misleading the public in the slightest degree. I have to say, therefore, that this Board never, in any manner, shape, or form, 'commended,' 'indorsed,' 'favorably reported on,' or declared that 'with the exception of Dr. Price's Baking Powder every sample was found to be more or less drugged or tainted,' and any statement that conveys such an impression, directly or indirectly, is wholly untrue."

W. P. DUNWOODY,

"Secretary National Board of Health."

In order that the public may still further have an insight as to how official examinations have resulted for Price's Baking Powder, the following extract from the official report of a government chemist appointed for the examination of articles of food in Canada by that Government, is subjoined: The official report uses the following language:

"Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains matter insoluble in water, 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consisting of starch and tartrate of lime—a mixture adulterated 20 per cent."

In the examination of baking powders and official tests made by the Ohio State Food Commission, Price's Baking Powder was shown to contain 12.66 % residuum or inert matter.

Bidding Sales.

GENERAL AUCTION

—AND—

COMMISSION HOUSE.

W. E. BEESON,
119 & 121 W. Second St.,
Between Spring and Fort.

AUCTION, STORAGE & COMMISSION.

REPERMORY SALES OF

NEW AND SECONDHAND FURNITURE

On Wednesday, Aug. 14th, and

Saturday, Aug. 17th,

At 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Horses, Buggies, etc., every Saturday at 10 a.m. Outside sales made on application.

BEN O. RHOADES. Auctioneer.

Real Estate.

SPECIALS.

GIBARD ST. Williamson tract, 50x125... \$450

WALNUT AV. near Main st., 40x80... \$800

San Joaquin CHARTER TRACT 8 lots, 50x125 each, for all... \$1,200

HOPE ST. west side, Cameron tract, 50x125 to alley... \$200

BROOKLYN AVE. near Bally st. Brooklyn Heights, 50x125... \$1,200

GRAND AVE. corner Morris st. 65x80... \$200

ELECTRIC RAILWAY HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION, 46x125... 15

CORNER FIFTH AND LOS ANGELES STS. 60x100 or 100x100, at a low price.

FOR THESE AND MANY MORE SEE

POMEROY & GATES,

16 COURT STREET.

NOTARY PUBLIC in office.

Unclassified.

HARD BRICKS
FOR SALE.

Hard, Machine-made Bricks.

Made under heavy pressure. Burned at kiln process. The best and most durable bricks in the market. Have been tested to stand 5000 pounds to the square inch.

LINGLEWOOD PATENT BRICK CO.,

VENTINELA POSTOFFICE, or

Room 6, Burdick Block, Los Angeles.

NOTICE.

Contractors, Builders & Lumbermen.

BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED BY

Independent Lumber Co., P. O. Box 82,

San Joaquin, Calif., on August 20th, for stock

seasons. Oregon timber, etc., for

thornton street, consisting of rough merchantable floorings, etc. Send for list of material.

Star Sign Company.

FITZGERALD & ATWOOD, 22 Franklin St.

Telephone, 429.....Established in 1880.

THE NEW WAY THE OLD WAY

COULDINGTON'S

Sealing WAX Strings,

Suitable for Glass Jars or Tin

Fruit Cans.

For sale by all grocers, hardware dealers, etc.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE

SUPPLIED BY

Harper & Reynolds Co.,

48 and 50 North Main Street.

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